

MOVIE GUIDE

Just in case you're running short of ideas for Chrissy presents, how about the **1991-1992 Guide to Movies on TV and Videocassette**. Packed with facts and info, it's a handy piece of merchandise for every film fan and Transworld publishers have given us 10 books as competition prizes. If you aren't fortunate enough to win one, it'll set you back just under six quid.

OPENING DOORS

It's one of the most talked about films in years and possibly the greatest biog ever filmed, but now you can do your own piece of free publicity by wearing one of these very cool *Doors* t-shirts. Not only do we have TEN to hand out but also a groovy jacket for one lucky reader



YOUTH CULTURE

We at VW love our grub and have been known on more than one occasion to go on the odd pigout binge so when a copy of *The Fountain of Youth* arrived in the office, we slipped on our t-shirts and shorts and proceeded to indulge in some strange yoga movements. The result? - we emerged looking a million dollars and you too could end up looking as good as us by winning one of TEN copies given to us by The Natural Therapy Company. It'll give you a lift in all the right places.

SHOCK TREATMENT

Our good friends at Titan books have been very generous yet again by giving us **THREE** copies of their excellent publication, *Shock Xpress*. Fans of horror and sleaze movies will not want to do without this brill guide, packed to the brim with rare and unusual pics. This is your chance to grab yourself a copy for free, but is available at all good book shops priced £12.50.

NIGHT GAMES

A long, long time ago - well around 1955 to be precise - a hugely popular film called *Night of the Hunter* was released. It starred Robert Mitchum and quickly became a fave with both critics and audiences alike, but now a new version is about to hit the video shelves. This time it's that old smoothie Richard Chamberlain who takes over the role of the divvy preacher man and thanks to Capital Home Video, we have **FIVE** copies for you to win.

SWEET DREAMS

Do you suffer from sleepless nights filled with worry and stress? Well, the good news is that there are now two new tapes aimed at making your nights pass peacefully. *The Original Goldfish Video* gives you the chance to watch lots of little orange blighters swimming around, while in *The Insomniacs Video*, lots of nice little sheep jump about until you find yourself travelling towards the land of nod. These tapes are a baa-gain £4.99 each but we have **TEN** copies of each title to give away.





Well, it's here, the movie they say is really gonna wake the video industry up, we'd like to invite you all to slip between the sheets as the girl who has put the mega back into star indulges in some pillow talk with Jonathan Richards...

Icon, media slut, role model. Not just a star but a whole constellation. It's all been said about Madonna Louisa Ciccone... the most successful pop star on our planet who - to date - has sold around 60 million albums worldwide; who appears at stadiums as regularly as any First Division football team and whose whole life makes front page news - be it making a TV commercial, getting married or brawling with the press. The ideal platform for a movie star, wouldn't you say?

Well, no actually. Madonna and movies has so far proved to be a pretty bad idea, she's in danger of becoming the Sinclair C5 of the silver screen. Of

course, it didn't help much that her very first film *A Certain Sacrifice* (Missing In Action) - made way back in 79 but which didn't properly surface till 85 - was a low grade porno flick. As she said herself it was, "Poor quality, mediocre... and my performance was second rate." She was too generous, it was more like third or fourth rate, a cheap'n'nasty exploitation flick in which Madonna is raped in a coffee shop only to later take revenge by sacrificing her attacker as part of a bizarre ritual.

Madonna was sufficiently upset by it to attempt to buy it back from director Stephen Lewicki, but after a messy court case, she lost and the tape was

made commercially available.

Around this time an official Madonna film was also doing the rounds. Directed by Susan Seidelman and made for \$5m, *Desperately Seeking Susan* (Virgin) was an instant hit. Co-starring Rosanna Arquette, it featured Madonna as Susan, a sassy and sussed lady whose boyfriend keeps in touch via the small ads in a local paper. 'Desperately Seeking Susan' read the cryptic messages, giving details of where to meet. Enter one very bored housewife Roberta (Arquette), whose curiosity is sufficiently aroused to go to the couple's rendezvous. And that's when all the fun starts... It's all very simple,

PRI-MAD



ONNA



the key to the whole thing being mistaken identity, but it works. Oh, and Madonna flouncing around in white shorts, garter belt and rhinestone boots and lying around in bed wearing not very much, all helped as well. When you're a sex symbol, why fight it? But fight it she did in her next screen outing, *Shanghai Surprise* (Warner), a Handmade film with a lot of ex-Beatle George Harrison's cash riding on it. It couldn't have been more of a turkey if it had been fed on corn and stuffed. Indeed, a popular joke around the time went like this: What's the difference between *Shanghai Surprise* and a

turkey? Answer: A turkey is popular at Christmas.

What is wrong with these film people? They sign up one of the most popular female entertainers of her age - and they get her to play the part of a missionary. Worse still, they call her character Gloria Tatlock. Worse than that, she co-stars with Sean Penn, who plays a tie-salesman. Gloria, is hot in pursuit of a large cache of opium. Not, because she wants to blast herself into oblivion or have meaningful conversations with God, but for use as anaesthetic for soldiers wounded in battle. She enlists the help of the tie-

salesman. Chronic, eh?

Not, however, as chronic as some of the notices she received from critics more than likely a little peeved that the most they saw of Madonna was a fleeting glimpse of bare shoulder. "What the movie needs isn't criticism," said one, "but a stake through the heart." Madonna was similarly scathing, claiming that director Jim Goddard had had, "No idea of what he was doing." *Shanghai Surprise* bombed.

Next up came *Who's That Girl?* (Warners) in 87, which Madonna described as "a real physical, screwball comedy." The laugh was on her, though. She passed up on *Blind Date* co-starring Bruce Willis for this film - and guess which one did best at the box-office? That's right. Bruce was laughing all the way to the bank, along with Kim Basinger. In *Who's That Girl?* Madonna played Nikki Finn, recently paroled and convicted of a crime she didn't commit. It quickly mutates into a wacky all-these-things-happen-in-24-hours Hollywood romp in which Nikki is involved in a car chase, a robbery and - oooh - lots of other wildly unimaginative things like that. It's a kind of poor (wo)man's *After Hours*. The real star is not Madonna, Griffin Dunne or Sir John Mills, but a cougar. It upstages the lot of them.

For *Who's That Girl?* Madonna disposed of the well-starched blouses she'd sported in *Shanghai Surprise* and got back to the short skirts and fishnets of Susan. Bizarrely, she played

the first half of the film as if she was suffering from adenoids - a strange voice, a bit like Minnie Mouse after a dose of helium. For the second half the voice was normal and if not quite lighting up the screen, Madonna manages to glow.

Who's That Girl? didn't signal a major change in Madonna's fortunes at the box-office. It illustrates perfectly just how hard her adoring public were finding it adjusting to her on screen. At the US premiere of *Who's That Girl?* 10,000 turned up. The next afternoon, the film played to an audience of 60 in a cinema holding 1,151.

Her next project was *Bloodhounds of Broadway* (20:20 Vision), starring opposite Jennifer Grey and Matt Dillon. Made four years ago, it only turned up on video last year, bypassing the cinema altogether. Set in the Twenties, Madonna plays Hortense Hathaway, a show-girl for whom a character called Feet has sold his body to science. We'll give Madonna a break and skip it, as we'd advise you to do. Still, she has a chance to shake her tassles - attached to a not quite big enough brassiere - in our direction.

And so to the sort of success that was *Dick Tracy* (Touchstone), Warren Beatty's screen adaptation of the old comic strip which also featured Al Pacino and Dustin Hoffman and one on which Disney - in the wake of *Batman* fever - gambled \$50m. In it she plays a nightclub singer, Breathless Mahoney, and proves once and for all that she plays these smouldering femme fatales best, quite simply because she knows how to - that's the role she plays at her concerts. Indeed, Madonna does something that Beatty may not have envisaged - she steals the show from him. Her arrival on the screen tends to coincide with the movie's highpoints. Beatty was not ungenerous in his praise - "We should all relax and enjoy Madonna because she is a big gift to the entertainment world."

A reasonable success at the box-office and with the critics, *Dick Tracy* may well have arrested Madonna's declining fortunes at the movies. (She's certainly no less an asset to the gossip columnists who speculated about her relationship with Beatty throughout the making of *Dick Tracy*.)

And so to bed - with Madonna. *In Bed With Madonna* is a rock documentary of 1990s Blonde Ambition tour during which Madonna gave director Alek Keshishian freedom to film what and where he wanted. So they say. It's a real fly-on-the-wall effort, very different from the usual carefully censored rock movies we're used to seeing. After all, Madonna picking her nose doesn't exactly rate high in the glamour stakes, does it? "By the end he could come to the bathroom with me," said Madonna. "I didn't care." And though we are spared this, we get just about everything else: Madonna visiting her mother's grave, simulating oral sex on a bottle, throat examinations and comments on men's rude bits (a la Monty Python).

Twenty-six-year-old Keshishian, ended

up with 250 hours of footage from which he had to select two. Madonna describes the film as being "worth five years of psychoanalysis" and you can see why.

Ever with her eye on the main publicity chance, Madonna launched the film in Cannes, stripping to her underwear for the cameras. Lenses zoomed, notepads were scribbled on and Madonna was back firmly on the front pages. The gesture also, as they say, put more than a few bums on seats.

In Bed With Madonna is Madonna playing her most convincing role, herself. She has had minor successes, *Dick Tracy* etc. when approximating this, her favourite role, but missionaries? Forget it. The message is clear. Madonna, be yourself and give the missionaries a wide berth.

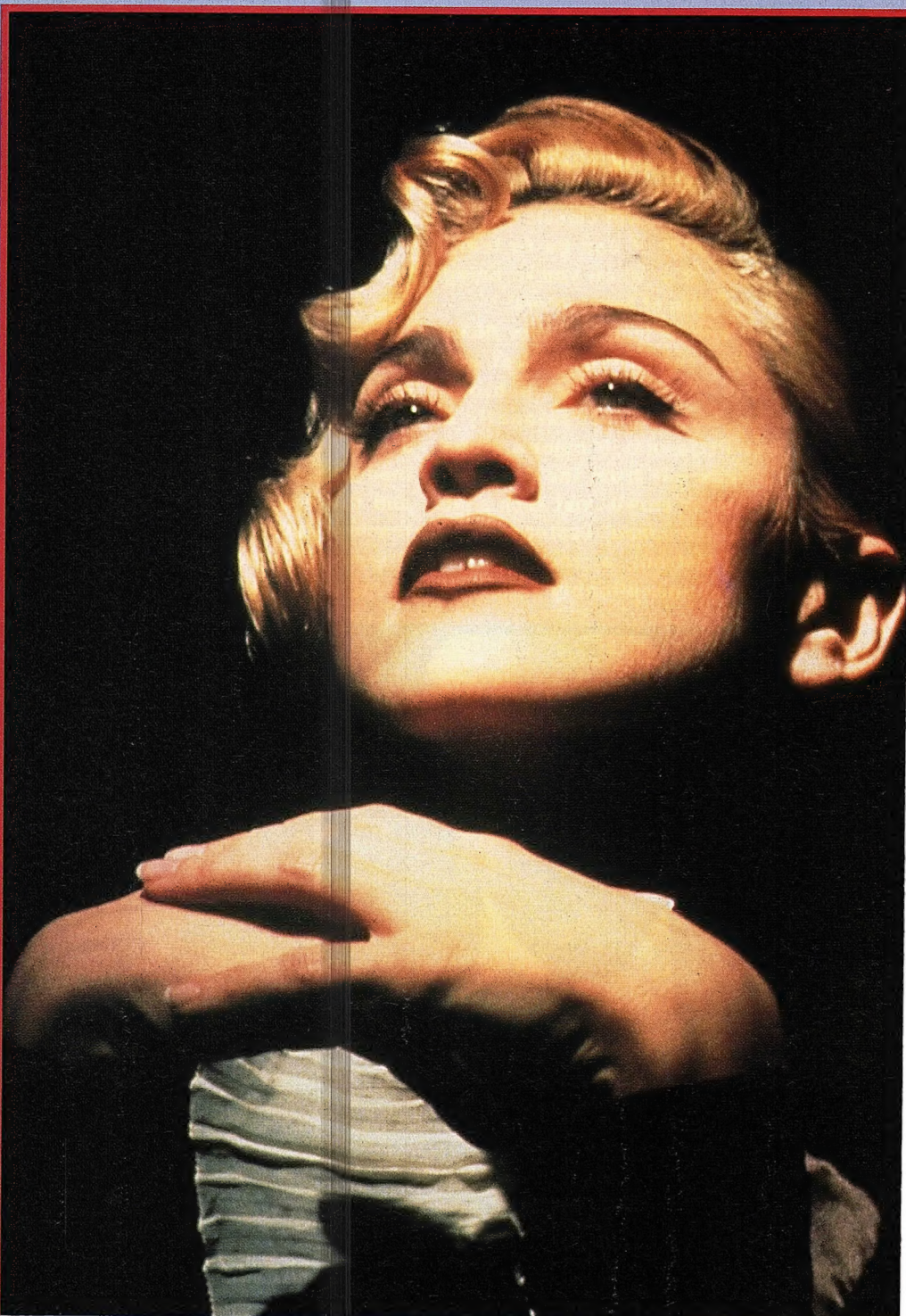
COMPETITION

10 Copies of Video Collection's *In Bed With Madonna* To Be Won

It all happens here at *Video World*, and thanks to those lovely people at Video Collection you can watch the lovely Madonna (*In Bed!*) from the comfort of your own home.

Yep, TEN copies of *In Bed With Madonna* are sitting here waiting to be snapped up. All you have to do is tell us the full name of the character Madonna almost played in a Lloyd Webber production.

Entries to Here Is The Snooze Comp., Video World Magazine, The Northern and Shell Building, PO Box 381, Millharbour, London E14 9TW. We'll be kipping down on October 20th.



CLASS OF 1999

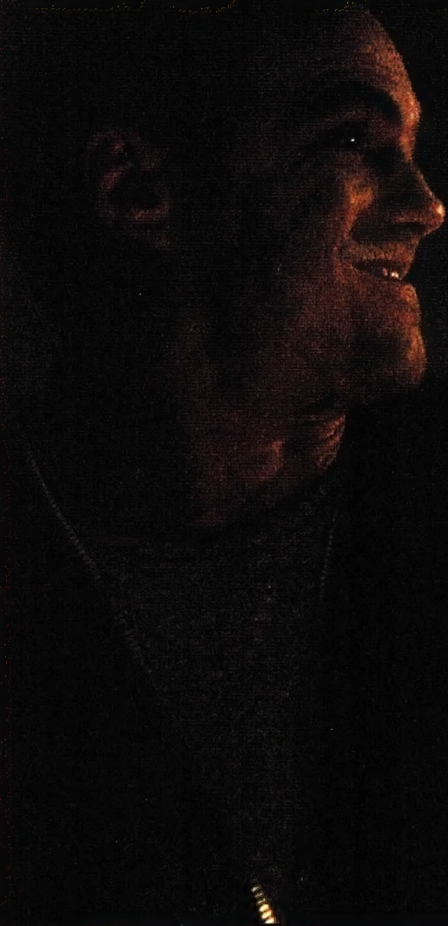
This month's Classic makes Tom Brown's schooldays look like a picnic by the sea, so without further ado here's a few lines on *Class of 1999*, and let them be a lesson to you!

They say that schooldays are the best days of your life, but you try telling that to the pupils of the futuristic Kennedy High. This month's *Video World* classic details just how tough it can be to learn your three 'R's' when you're being taught by a trio of terminators!

A lot of the low budget horror flicks that flood the video market are instantly forgettable schlock rubbish, but just occasionally a modest little movie comes along that stands out from the faceless stalk 'n' slash crowd. Just such a pic is Mark (Commando) Lester's *Class of 1999* (Vestron), a cracking little movie that inexplicably failed to

make a dent on the rental chart when first released. Now it's available for around a tenner as part of First Independent's 'First Fright' series and we recommend that you track it down - or face the prospect of a hundred lines and detention!

The film is a sequel of sorts to Lester's *Class Of 1984*, a tough reprise of *The Blackboard Jungle* in which naive young schoolteacher Perry King was brutally harassed by a psycho student. This time out, though, the students are the heroes and the baddies are three robotic teachers (played by John Ryan, Pam Grier and Patrick Kirkpatrick) who adopt some rather extreme methods



of keeping their pupils under control!

"There is so much gang violence taking place today", says director Lester (who is no relation to the kiddie star of the 1968 film, *Oliver!*), "that I began to develop the story right off what was going on in the news. I added a science fiction element, a Department of Educational Defence that is formed to defend the schools. A corporation is hired to create these robots for high schools. They can handle the kids and don't have to worry about being assaulted. At